

# Good Morning 766

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Goulden's Wonder Goal

ONE hundred and three thousand Germans were packed into the Olympic Stadium in Berlin on May 15, 1938.

England were visiting Germany with one of their best teams for years, and although the Germans were supposedly amateurs, for three weeks they had been training hard at a secret resort in the Black Forest.

Goebbels, who had for years been telling the Germans that the British were a decadent nation, had not pleased the Englishmen because of this, and as they trotted out on to the pitch, surrounded by a hundred thousand heiling Nazis, they decided to try and make the Germans realise that they were a much better team than the Nazis supposed.

Up in the grandstand Hess, Goering, Goebbels, and other leading Nazis beamed down upon them.

Then the game started. Fifteen minutes later Bastin had given England the lead. This was increased by Robinson and Broome. Germany scored two goals, and at half-time, as the result of a Matthews goal, England were leading by four goals to two.

During the interval it appeared that the Germans had been told to get "stuck in," for they began to hand out to the Englishmen plenty of shoulder charges, but Robinson, with a low shot, made the score 5-2.

This had the effect of making the Germans hit back even harder.

When Pesser scored their third goal the Germans went wild with excitement. In the past they had shown

themselves to be a reliable "second half team," and as the home forwards began to storm down upon the England goal the Nazis howled with excitement, but Eddie Hapgood, England's left back and captain, was playing like two men. Nothing the Germans could do was able to shift the cool Englishman.

Len Goulden, the West Ham inside-left, playing a grand game for England, showed some of those touches which have put him right at the top of the football ladder.

Beating the German right-half, he swerved over to the English left wing, turned suddenly, and slipped a pass across the field to the right wing.

Stan Matthews, running on to the ball, took it in his stride, beat the German left-back by a clever "shuffle," and then looked up quickly.

Len Goulden had "sauntered" to a position about 25 yards from the German goal.

Matthews sent over a perfect centre. Len Goulden watched the ball until it was almost on him.

Then he brought over his left foot—and the ball flew into the German net so fast that few eyes were able to follow it.

It looked so delightfully easy the way Len Goulden scored that goal. Really it was the result of years of perfect timing.

That goal knocked all the fight out of the Germans, and England won by six goals to three. But Len Goulden's "wonder goal" was possibly one of the greatest ever scored for England.

J. ALLEN.

# Island was Too Small for Killer Topliss

STUART MARTIN writes of a soldier who deserted and took his gun with him

THERE are some criminals for whom one just can't work up any sympathy or excuse. They are ferocious. Percy Topliss was one. He was a gunman.

I have heard it said that Topliss was a gunman because he had been taught to kill in the war—I mean the 1914 racket. I am not arguing about that. I suppose something goes crack in the heads of some men who go to war. Percy Topliss deserted—and took his gun with him.

At Etaples his name went down as a deserter, and Detective Woodhall, who was on intelligence work, was detailed to arrest him. In his days of liberty Topliss had burgled hotels and robbed civilians. He had beaten a French peasant senseless and taken his money; but he was traced to a small cafe at a village named Rang-de-fleur.

IT was a sunny day when taxi belonging to the owner, Detective Woodhall stepped Sydney Spicer, from Salisbury into the cafe. The change from the bright sunlight to the haze inside dazzled him, and he was only a yard or so inside the doorway when a voice—Topliss's voice—came from behind a curtain.

"Got yer, you so-and-so!" The hammer of a revolver clicked; but Woodhall smashed his fist towards the deserter, caught him full in the face, and down they went together, the detective's teeth sunk into the wrist below the revolver.

Another detective joined in, and Topliss was taken to the prison compound. During the night he escaped with another man who had been sentenced to death. They had tunneled under the sand beneath the barbed wire. There was a tidal river nearby, but both got across and got into the woods around Le Touquet.

The woods were surrounded next day, and the second man was caught because he had hurt his ankle and could no longer run. But Topliss escaped. He was traced to Paris and then lost again.

By the aid of some women of the Paris underworld he got through the cordon and reached England. That was in 1920. On April 21st of that year, two ladies and a man dressed in soldier's uniform engaged a

for Paris, intending to travel via Newhaven and Dieppe. In Paris he believed he would be safe.

At about seven o'clock one evening in May he came to Victoria Station to catch the boat train. He was well dressed. He had poise. He walked towards the barrier on the platform.

But just as he reached the barrier he stopped. On the other side of the barrier, a little way up the platform beside the train, he saw two men talking together. One was a C.I.D. man.

That was enough for Topliss. He turned swiftly and went out of the station. And yet he was wrong. The C.I.D. man was not there to gather him in. He was merely seeing a friend off by the same train!

Had Topliss kept his nerve he would have reached Paris and the underworld safety he wanted so badly. He lost his nerve. He went out into the street and so to a house in Euston Road. And he was seen by a policeman, who thought this was Topliss.

But Topliss was cunning, and threw the policeman off his trail by doubling into back streets. But the trail was picked up some time later, and Euston Road was being watched. Topliss had to get away again.

He changed his clothes and left London at night, working his way towards the East Coast. At Skegness he was observed again.

This time it was a garage proprietor who put the police on him. With three other men, Topliss had engaged a big car at the garage, and the proprietor thought this looked like Topliss, and anyway he didn't like the look of the other three, so he told a local policeman.

The policeman reported to his station, and the Lincolnshire Constabulary were taking no chances. They surrounded the premises one night when the car drew in, the proprietor keeping out of the way.

It was eleven o'clock when the car drove in, and then the police pounced. Then gunplay! All of the four drew revolvers and tried to shoot their way out. Topliss escaped again, but his three companions were caught.

It was Topliss more than any other who was wanted, and the entire country was notified at once. Topliss was far away from Lincoln by next day.

Up in Banffshire, at a place near Tomintoul, a new labourer started work on the roads. There were other labourers, but this one kept to himself, not seeking company, not allowing anybody to ask questions. It was Topliss.

If he had mixed with the other labourers he might have got away; but his aloofness caused whispers. He left the job. He went to a shooting lodge that was not inhabited and stayed there by himself.

This lodge was near Loch Moor. A gamekeeper went to a policeman and complained about someone being in the lodge, and the policeman—Sergeant Grieg—seeing smoke coming from the lodge's chimney, walked up.

Now, the sergeant did not think this was Topliss. The name of Topliss had not been mentioned locally. The sergeant intended to arrest this man for "breaking and entering" the lodge. So he pushed open the door and said, "Now then, what are you doing here?"

The inhabitant stepped towards an iron bedstead, and, drawing a gun from beneath the pillow, swung round. The



sergeant leaped forward, but Topliss was first. The sergeant went down, shot through the neck.

Out of the lodge burst Topliss and mounted a bicycle and off. By the time the news of the scene had been carried to the police station Topliss was well away.

Two days later, P.C. Fulton was in the village street of High Heslitt, Cumberland, when he saw a man walking along. He thought this looked like Topliss, so he caught up with the stranger.

"You look like Topliss, the man wanted for murder," said Fulton.

"Is that so?" came the reply. "Well, I am Topliss, so put your hands up. I shot the cop in Banff, and I killed the taximan at Salisbury. Now you walk on in front, or else."

P.C. Fulton was looking into a revolver's barrel. He did as ordered.

Topliss marched him along the road for quite a way. They had reached the country lanes when Topliss ordered Fulton to get into a field. When Fulton was over the hedge, Topliss gave a final wave of the revolver and ran.

I think Fulton was fortunate in not being shot there and then. Anyway, he lived—and he was active enough when Topliss was out of sight.

The policeman raised the alarm, and before long a posse was after Topliss. He hadn't gone very far; he was sighted an hour or two later, still making his way on foot southward.

There wasn't much he could do. He was surrounded, and this time he wasn't the only one with a gun.

He put up a fight, but he hadn't much chance. He died fighting on that meadow where he was caught, ferocious to the end.

We have had recently one or two cases of men wanted for murder who have led the police up and down the country until they were cornered.

You see, there is one fact that always beats killers who try to make a get-away in Britain.

The island is too small.

## A HOME REMINDER for Stoker Henry Parker

HERE'S interesting news from 1, Needham-terrace, Cricklewood, N.W.2, for you, Stoker Henry Parker.

We found a wire had been received the morning we called, and your mother and sister asked us particularly to quote the message for you. So here goes.

"Woodfield Nurseries: 'Mr. Spicer and all wish to be remembered to you and say they all miss you and are hoping you will soon be home, as your job is waiting for you. Reg.—or Mr. Joiner—is now Superintendent. Mr. Spicer and his wife intend visiting your mother soon.'"

There you are, Henry, you will find that a very reassuring message we should imagine.

Now for some home news. Your brother Frank has been home, but now he is back again in the Alps, and enjoying himself mightily. His organising ability is still the "Tops" and your mother told us he had just been organising a treasure hunt in the snowy heights he inhabits these days. He would no doubt be very glad of some of your executive ability now and then.

Dad, too, is in need of your help. We heard all about your "green fingers" and can quite believe that he is looking forward to your homecoming, so that you can work in unison again.



Meanwhile Eric, George and all at Widows and Sons are keeping an eye on your allotment. They are quite proud of their success in this direction, but they all acknowledge that it doesn't approach your standard.

All the same, we went and had a look at it, and can assure you that you have no need to worry about it. Everything was doing fine, and one of the main hopes at present is that you will be home in time to lift the potatoes.

Those chickens that you installed in place of the rose bush are also thriving. The bowl of eggs on the table, including a double-yolker, bore witness to that fact.

We had reason to be very glad that your sister brought Mrs. Marsh in to help the news from home along, because, she did this in really grand style, adding a real spicy flavour to the interview!

Her one outstanding request was that you should not hesitate to let her have any part of your apparel that needs sprucing up. She will be only too pleased to do it.

And, incidentally, she is still waiting for a navy blue skirt, Henry! We hope you understand this, but you certainly will her next request.

This is for a glass cabinet which she is hoping you will make her when you get home. Having inspected some

of the things you made for your mother and sister, we would say she's got something there!

In case you are beginning to be appalled by the amount of things that need doing—indeed all the family agree that nothing is done unless you do it—your sister sends you reassuring news about sports equipment.

She said that the racquets are still upstairs in their presses waiting for your own and your brother's return, and Mum told us that the bicycles are being well looked after by Dad who, as you know, is not at home unless he has an oil-can in hand after he has reluctantly relinquished his spade.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"

c/o Dept. of C. N. I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# BREATH OF THE HORN

THERE was a crowd down at Seven Seas. Smart clean brigs the docks to watch the two they were; and some of us, as we ships go out, both homeward bound stood at our stations waiting for to England, both fast sailers, both the word to go, looked across at with full crews, three mates, car-San Francisco water-front and penter and sailmaker all complete. compared it with that other front

We were to go through the we were about to face—Cape Golden Gate together—us of the Horn! Susan and them of the *Mary*— Would the Horn let us pass and we lay with scarcely the without a fight? breadth of Fisherman's Wharf The skipper was walking in the betwixt us; us scowling across at waist with the owner, having a last them and they scowling across at word.

us, and laying money freely on the result of the race we were to have round the Horn and up the eastern ocean.

Our tall spars were reflected on the calm water. We were the largest sailing ships between Telegraph Hill and Hunter's Point, and that means something.

Both vessels had been docked and had holds and bottoms cleared of the stowaway barnacles of the

We had a cargo of mixed stuff in our hold, and under the layer of Mexican curios and Indian trinkets we were taking to England, was a more important layer of provision cases and fruit.

"You are both cleared and ought to have a good run," said the owner as he dropped down the ladder. "Round the Horn with a westerly wind, and the first man home wins a wife! Good luck!"

The skipper nodded and looked

up at the sky as the first puffs men in Frisco saloons more than of the breeze we were waiting once.

If our skippers had quarrelled his station between the knight-about ships. The crew that won heads and glanced at the skipper. the race would have enough to The skipper made a sign and the crew about for days to come.

The brigs met the heavy swell of the Pacific almost at the same time, and I heard the crew of the *Mary* take up the chantey we had been singing—

*It's time for us to go,  
With a yo, ho, ho, and a rumblow.  
For the girls are waiting for their sailormen,  
And Davey Jones may be sold again.  
He's breathing hard at the Horn for us—  
Ole Davy Jones—the sly ole cuss!*

That's the chantey to get a heavy raise-the-dead pull out of a day, and talking of the run.

Day succeeded day. The brig went ahead like a live thing as the skipper had said she would, but we did not see the *Mary*.

Night after night, when the poop, looking up now and then kids and pots were put away, the crew would gather round the windlass in the dog watches, brought me aft to spend most of asking what the latitude was that my time at the wheel.

We were still a thousand miles from the Cape when its first breath came to us.

(Continued on Page 3)

We were ahead of the *Mary* by a full minute, taking the gaskets skipper walking to and fro in off the royals when they were the poop and we remembered the hauling home the t'gallant sheets. owner's words. We knew what he Booms were rigged out, tacks and halyards rove, sail after sail was packed on the *Susan* at the crack of orders.

As we threw out the canvas to both of them, and cousins, too, the breeze the *Mary* followed our lead.

We stood before the wind to the sou-sou-west, yet, when everything was done, the *Mary* was making ten knots to our nine.

"She'll be all right," muttered the skipper as he placed his poop and glanced aloft and aloft and

"She'll work herself loose in a week and walk up to the winner of the race in far-away Horn like a racehorse."

He stayed above until sunset

Like skipper, like crew. We of when the decks were cleared up, the *Susan* had met the *Mary's* The *Mary* was then only a speck

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on the horizon, and the coast lay behind like a low cloud on the nor-east.

As he went below I saw him take a look at the fading Oakland slopes; and I thought of the girl up there who was to meet her future husband in London to stretch and become limber town.

Down in the skipper's cabin there was a portrait of her, just as there was a portrait in the cabin of the *Mary*.

We took the trade winds the second day out and ran down thirteen hundred miles in seven days, lower topmast and studding of sails set all the time.

Every wave we threw back brought us nearer home. Our girls were pulling on the tow rope; that's what we told each other.

We crossed the line and ran into the deep indigo of the southern seas.

Night after night, when the kids and pots were put away, the crew would gather round the windlass in the dog watches, brought me aft to spend most of asking what the latitude was that my time at the wheel.

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The sun ran lower in its course and the coming of dull skies told that the breath of the Horn was coming up to meet us. We looked over our rigging, examining, re-placing, mending. We wanted ropes to have time to stretch and become limber before we faced the cold of the Cape. We called the hands aft and set watches for the battle at the Horn.

We knew it was coming—the eternal Horn battle. Every man had his station. The chief mate was in command of the forecabin and the head sails.

The third had charge of the Our after yards and let go the lee girls were pulling on the tow rope; that's what we told each other.

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The brigs met the heavy swell of the Pacific almost at the same time, and I heard the crew of the *Mary* take up the chantey we had been singing—

*It's time for us to go,  
With a yo, ho, ho, and a rumblow.  
For the girls are waiting for their sailormen,  
And Davey Jones may be sold again.  
He's breathing hard at the Horn for us—  
Ole Davy Jones—the sly ole cuss!*

That's the chantey to get a heavy raise-the-dead pull out of a day, and talking of the run.

Day succeeded day. The brig went ahead like a live thing as the skipper had said she would, but we did not see the *Mary*.

Night after night, when the kids and pots were put away, the crew would gather round the windlass in the dog watches, brought me aft to spend most of asking what the latitude was that my time at the wheel.

We were still a thousand miles from the Cape when its first breath came to us.

(Continued on Page 3)

We were ahead of the *Mary* by a full minute, taking the gaskets skipper walking to and fro in off the royals when they were the poop and we remembered the hauling home the t'gallant sheets. owner's words. We knew what he Booms were rigged out, tacks and halyards rove, sail after sail was packed on the *Susan* at the crack of orders.

As we threw out the canvas to both of them, and cousins, too, the breeze the *Mary* followed our lead.

We stood before the wind to the sou-sou-west, yet, when everything was done, the *Mary* was making ten knots to our nine.

"She'll be all right," muttered the skipper as he placed his poop and glanced aloft and aloft and

"She'll work herself loose in a week and walk up to the winner of the race in far-away Horn like a racehorse."

He stayed above until sunset

Like skipper, like crew. We of when the decks were cleared up, the *Susan* had met the *Mary's* The *Mary* was then only a speck

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"Pop's promised to pay half our housekeeping after we're married."  
"Fine! Now all we have to do is to find someone to pay the other half."

## The Fast Life

A SEVEN-GRAIN dose of a new drug called Dinitrophenol made a fat man half again as lively without any appreciable after-effects. A ten-grain dose produced a reduction in weight.

Higher doses simply increased the rate of breathing, the rate of the blood-flow, the rate of speaking and thinking and moving, until, had the increase gone on, the experimenters would have died through living too fast.

Next for investigation come the hormones of the life glands, powerful secretions that flow into the blood-stream, enforcing by their correct proportions the health that controls existence.

Dr. Butenandt, of Denmark, has recently isolated the essential principle of these hormones and produced the extract in the form of crystals that can be taken as ordinary medicine. Can we foresee renewed youth in a wineglass arising from Dr. Butenandt's discovery?

Meantime four professors working independently have actually dosed men between the ages of sixty and eighty with a similar extract of hormones.

The lungs of the patients expanded, their skin lost its flabbiness and became fresher, they regained their appetite, the red globules in their blood doubled in number, their blood pressure became more normal, and they lost all trace of senility.

If these consequences are all they seem, monkey-gland rejuvenation itself will become obsolete.

The animal gland relied upon the hormones, but there were disadvantages. It was believed that the ape gland merely galvanised the cells into sudden and unexpected activity, and burned them out.

In one or the other of these clues to living, we shall perhaps find the secret of longer life. After all, why not?

It is usually taken that man cannot much exceed the theologian's three-score years and ten. But through all the animal world one discovers that the life of an animal is seven times the years of its growth.

Man ceases growing at twenty. If he did not supply the only exception to long life, he could take one hundred years and forty in his stride.

P. Davis

Catherine the Great of Russia is said to have used a kind of fountain-pen, made on much the same lines as those we use to-day.

The first book for the blind produced in these islands was that of James Gall, of Edinburgh, 1827.



Wangling Words No. 704

- 1. Behead a very short time and get a cereal.
- 2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: a year-secoimeageasts.
- 3. What famous peninsula can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The burglar made his — through that old iron —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 703

- 1. S-HUNT.
- 2. Ant-eaters are amazing animals.
- 3. THIN, LEAN.
- 4. Garden, danger.

JANE

Breath of the Horn

(Continued from Page 2)

It was a clear night, and we were having our first glimpse of the Magellan clouds. The indigo of the waves had changed to grey, the waves themselves to long, ugly, heavy billows. A gale was rising dead ahead. The seas had set in from the southward—heavy, brutal seas, merciless and chill. Eight bells had gone, the log hove, the watch set. Then I took over the wheel. From the fo'c'sle-head the look-out sent his cry aloft in a shrill sing-song. The skipper was beside me, glancing alow and aloft, now at the raging sea, now at the clouds. He looked curiously at me as if to ask the course, and I was about to answer him when a wave, taller than its mates, struck the Susan square and full, sweeping the deck and leaving the planks as clean as a new-shaven chin. It buried us in its cold embrace, cold as ice, cold as the Horn. In the scuppers, when the sea had drained off, lay the galley bottom up. The cook was a mile astern, clinging to a plank. We couldn't pick him up. The seas were swamping us already. The skipper stood near the wheel, his clothes dripping. He looked astern at the tossing cook. In the waist they were shouting, "Man overboard!" The skipper nodded to me. I kept her on the course. There was nothing else to do. Night came down quickly, and with the night the breath of the Horn seemed to settle on our souls. We knew the battle had begun—begun up there hundreds of miles from the real battle-ground!

I went below for the middle was the height of a ship. It sailed deck against the rail. watch, and rested until I was on until it was almost athwart roused for the morning watch. I our bows, and then I saw it really took over the wheel again, at was a ship. The skipper was near the wheel. We were close-hauled; the gale had risen higher. It was like steering an elephant through a cactus forest to hold the wheel down. "Ease her when she pitches," said the skipper, "or you'll have the masts knocked out of her. Keep her away a point or so—steady!" As if I didn't know! "Ay, ay," I droned. "Steady it is!" I was holding her hard down of the look-out in sudden alarm. and peering into the darkness when a whip of sleet lashed into my eyes, blinding me for a second. Through the night came the rushing of the wind like the wail there, right to windward sailing of a banshee. I spun the wheel round, and a mass that grew in shape until it sudden lurch threw me across the

The skipper sprang to the wheel and as I regained my balance we hove up just in time to save the Susan from broaching-to. Nearly half the studding sail went under water, and as she rose, the boom stood up at an angle of forty-five. Something cracked aloft and gave; and down came a yard, hanging like a broken limb, while the seas swept us fore and aft. Across our bows the white stranger sailed, her whole length swinging to starboard; and, as she moved along, our skipper sprang to the gunwale and seized the shrouds, peering over at her. (To be continued).

Solution to Puzzle in No. 765.

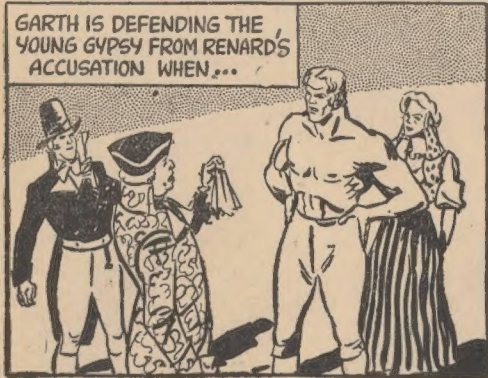
- 1. ca Fes
- 2. dr Oop
- 3. ti R es
- 4. th E ir
- 5. tr I be
- 6. le G al
- 7. pe N ce



RUGGLES

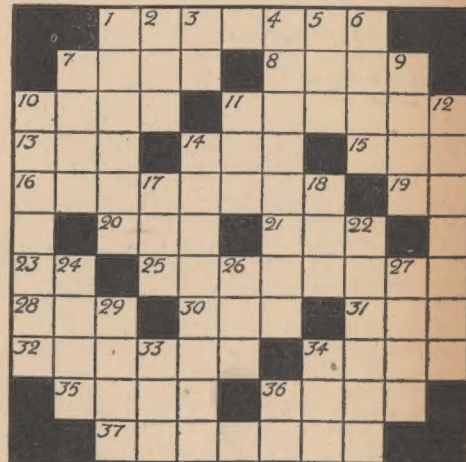


GARTH



CROSS-WORD CORNER

SAM SOLOS D  
PROPER STIR  
ATTIC SCONE  
THEE WHACKS  
U R D IRK S  
ARC RAP SLY  
VAPE SIE  
ENRAGE THAW  
REBUS BEIG  
TWO RUMPUS  
S NEVER SET



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Intersects. 7 Fusion. 8 Wrinkle. 10 Barrier. 11 Small person. 13 Beam. 14 Light blow. 15 Pronoun. 16 Parts. 19 Doctor. 20 Colour. 21 Youngster. 23 Supposing. 25 Representative. 28 Tree. 30 The French. 31 Nought. 32 Motive. 34 Coal receptacles. 35 Rug. 36 Burns. 37 Exceptional.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Sated. 2 Drink. 3 Animal. 4 Game. 5 Terminate. 6 Yearn. 7 Young animal. 9 Be abundant. 10 Size of type. 11 Adult. 12 Scoops. 14 Girl's name. 17 Sludge. 18 Droop. 22 Boy's name. 24 Flattered. 26 Boy's name. 27 Colour. 29 Planet. 33 Plant juice. 34 Snake. 36 3.14159.



Good  
Morning



THE "EYEFUL."—That's the name Hollywood has given to luscious Adele Jergens—for obvious reasons. THE "EYEFUL" TOWER is the name Columbia has given her—because she's shooting up to the stars at such a pace. The whole thing is kinda neat, don't you think?